

THE MARYLAND INVASION.

Continued from First Page.

had been driven back to Frederick. Among the Union men, to whom no news is considered bad news, there was a depression and anxiety visible on every face. Gen. Wool had forbidden the newspaper offices to put out bulletins, and there was no place to turn to for the consolation of even a reasonable guess as to what was going on beyond the mountains.

During the night the heavy tramp of large bodies of cavalry moving through the streets, the sound of distant drum-beatings, and the sharp whistle of locomotives, announced to those who were awake that some movement of importance was going on here; but no one knew what. (I suppose it can do no earthly harm now to state that 25,000 troops left this neighborhood to guard the Northern Central Road, and re-enforce McClellan.)

This morning the same rumors of yesterday were repeated, with exaggerations, and not a Secessionist in town but believed that McClellan was whipped, set to pieces, lost. There came toward noon the intelligence of our tremendous victories, and "Secession" fell like a dead ock at the pit.

The excitement consequent upon the uncertainty of everything has been too great for anything of importance to transpire here. Therefore I have no news to send. Your correspondents in the field will give you particulars of the fighting of the past four days; I may be able to pick up incidents, etc., from future stragglers in from the battle-field.

The Rebel prisoners mentioned in my last left at five o'clock this morning for Fort Delaware.

Friday, 19th, a. m.—The remains of Col. Miles were not carried to Mr. Weaver's establishment, as I stated last evening, but to the residence of Mr. Avery Janet, corner of Baltimore and Front streets. The escort from the depot last night was under command of Lt.-Col. Wm. D. Whipple, Chief of Staff for Gen. Wool.

Five companies of the 10th Regiment New-York

Volunteers, Col. Littlejohn, this morning escorted the body to the depot of the Northern Central Railway, and at 8 o'clock the body left for St. James Parish, Baltimore County, where a funeral discourse was preached by the Rev. Mr. White of St. James Church, and the body was laid beside the remains of his father. Col. Miles leaves a wife and five children, one of the latter being a surgeon in the navy.

The remains of Col. Wm. B. Goodrich, 60th New-York Regiment, who was killed on Wednesday near Williamson, were brought to this city yesterday in a wagon, and taken to Mr. Weaver's embalming establishment. The body will be conveyed by railroad this afternoon to his late residence, near East Creek, Herkimer County, N. Y.

Telegrams arrived yesterday, by rail, the bodies of the following officers, slain in the late fights: Col. Childs, 4th Penn. Cavalry; Col. Coleman, 11th Ohio Volunteers; Col. Paxton, 57th New-York Vol.; Col. Goodrich, 80th New-York Volunteers. All were conveyed to Mr. Weaver's establishment, where they will be embalmed, previous to being sent to their friends.

A most harmonious four days' session of the Masonic Grand Lodge of the United States, adjourned, in this city, last night. Politics were entirely excluded and the meetings were pleasant and profitable, all regretted the absence of Mr. Boylston of South Carolina, Grand Sire of the order, a strong Union man, who is in trouble down in Dixie on account of his principles.

From Washington to the Front—Stragglers
—**Frederick—Among the Mountains—Genuine Loyalty—Our Heavy Infantry—The Track of Battle—Rebel Field-Pieces—The Front—Skirmishing—Close Artillery Practice—The Enemy still Falling Back.**

From Our Special Correspondent.

ON THE FRONT, ten miles south east of Williamsport, Md., Tuesday, Sept. 16, 1862.

The road from the capital to the army is lined with stragglers. I passed at least 5,000 between Washington and Frederick. They enter private houses without restraint, and commit more depredations than the army itself. Brigades and regimental commanders are required to prevent straggling under severe penalties; the theory is excellent, but so is not the practice.

Frederick displays more Union flag to the building than any other town I have seen North or South. The great majority of the people are heartily loyal, and they are most excellent dissemblers.

Four miles this side we strike the mountains, a thousand feet above the sea level. They are broken into winding, fertile valleys, threaded by clear streams and rich in broad corn-fields. The white, vine-covered farmhouses are half hidden in apple orchards, and tall stacks of hay and straw stand

"The grey barn, looking from their lofty bays
Over the dim water, widening in the vale."

Nearly all the farmers and villagers seem to be earnestly for the Union. They open their hospitable doors to the officers and attacks of the army, and disburse water to the thirsty columns. Instead of bewailing "this unnatural war," they say they hope to see the Rebels thoroughly whipped. They call our soldiers, not "Federals," or "Northern troops," but "our troops."

From Frederick to this point (eighteen miles) the dusty roads yesterday were full of our advancing forces—infantry, cavalry, and artillery. The men are thoroughly bronzed, and their hard campaigning seems to have compacted their flesh and muscles. They march briskly and cheerfully, often singing as they go, enlivened by the victory of Sunday, and the knowledge that they are chasing the enemy, instead of being pursued by him.

But what fearful loads they carry! They do not march so light as our Western troops. Their entire burdens—canteen, knapsack, haversack, pack of blankets, and clothing—must often reach fifty pounds to the man. Under such Aida-weights, the odds are greatly against them in a race with the Rebels.

We met many evidences of Sunday's battle. There were companies of prisoners, sorry-looking Butterbeats, from ten to one hundred strong, marching back to Middletown under guard; a long train of ambulances conveying our wounded to the hospitals; more wounded, walking back, with arms in slings, or bloody bandages about their necks or foreheads; Rebel hospitals, where unfortunate fellows were groaning upon the straw, with arms or legs missing; eleven of our lost, resting placidly side by side, while their comrades were digging their graves, hard by; the unburied dead of the enemy, lying in pairs or groups, behind rocks or in fence corners, and then a Rebel surgeon, in blust-gray uniform, coming in with a flag of truce, to look after his wounded.

At Boonsborough our advance was less than two hours behind the flying enemy, and many prisoners were taken, hiding in houses and barns. A citizen informed me that he saw both Lee and Stonewall Jackson during their brief sojourn; and that he counted one hundred and fifty pieces of Rebel artillery, with the carriages all labeled "U. S." though the most of them were evidently of Southern manufacture, and the gun castings were marked "Richmond."

All the morning we heard the pounding of distant guns; and at 4 o'clock p. m. reached the front, where Tidball's and Pettit's batteries were feeling the enemy. Richardson's Division had the advance. On the extreme left the 5th New-Hampshire was

Fred. F. Roberts, 1 P. R. C. W. Farrington, 6 Wm.

nearest the Rebels. Its line of skirmishers, thrown out in a semi-circle, was popping away briskly at short rifle range from behind trees and fences, and the buttresses were replying with equal promptness. Col. Grose of the 5th, among his skirmishers, was endeavoring to ascertain the exact position of a Rebel regiment, when he learned it by a bullet from an adjacent corn-field, which grazed his shoulder, cutting the clothing to the skin, but drawing no blood.

From a hill near our batteries, the Rebels, on another ridge a mile away, were easily seen with the naked eye. Their artillery practice was excellent. Observing a group of our officers on horseback, scrutinizing them with field-glasses, they directed a gun toward the party, and at the first fire threw a shell within twenty yards of it. Instantly came another, which struck the ground within six feet of a Colonel, but did not explode. Then a third, which threw dirt over several officers and other lookers on. That stand-point was suddenly vacated. But 300 yards in the rear, upon another eminence, were Gen. McClellan, Sumner, Hooker, and Sedgwick. The shells and solid shot fell in unpleasant proximity to them, one striking near Gen. McClellan; but they were not driven away.

And so the sun went down, with but two or three casualties from the enemy's guns, and night came on, with our troops still pressing up from the rear; some of our Generals predicting for to-day the fiercest battle of the war; others prophesying that this morning's sun would not rise upon a Rebel soldier north of the Potomac, and all assented by intelligence of the surrender of Col. Miles at Harper's Ferry, with 8,000 National troops.

This morning the enemy is reported falling back toward Shepherdstown, only six miles hence, where there is a broad smooth road across the Potowmack high in authority, with access to all the information at headquarters, estimate his strength variously at from 5,000 to 30,000, which is certainly valuable, if only to prove our utter ignorance about him. I think he will not hazard a general engagement of the surrender of Col. Miles at Harper's Ferry, with 8,000 National troops.

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Harper's Ferry Left to Our Wounded—Excitement in Frederick—Extravagant Rumors.

From Our Special Correspondent.

FREDERICK CITY, Md., Tuesday, Sept. 18, 1862.

One of the most dreadful battles of the war was fought yesterday. From daylight to sunset a most terrific cannonading was heard in this city. The inhabitants were on all the surrounding hills, listening to the bombardment. The report that came in all day were cheering—our troops were fighting with great spirit.

On Tuesday night our army rested on their arms, and corps and divisions were marching and counter-marching all night, and forming line of battle for the next day's fight. Stray firing from both sides all night. At daylight our whole army moved forward, and the battle immediately commenced. Gen. Harriet's division led on his brigade splendidly, and was severely wounded in the thigh early in the morning. Jackson's whole force recrossed from Harper's Ferry and re-enforced Lee. It is said Heintzelman and Sigel got up on the other side of the river.

Two doctors rode in to-day from Harper's Ferry and report that place in the possession of our wounded. The very latest accounts from the field by trustworthy wounded officers who came in, report that our left and center advanced four to five miles. The enemy's right was turned successfully, and he was terribly cut up. Our loss is very considerable. Gen. Kickett is reported wounded, and his division suffered severely. The line of battle was formed between Keedysville and Sharpsburg. The enemy made several attempts to cross the river, but was repulsed. The battle of yesterday was not decisive, but the contest will be renewed to-day. Our troops are certain of victory; the news is very cheering.

It was reported last night and this morning that Jackson's army had surrendered. The Rebel army is represented to be in a very tight place, and it is expected they will now have to surrender. Humphrey's Division, consisting of the 21st, 123d, 126th, 129th, 131st, 133d, 134th, and 135th Pennsylvania, marched through this town yesterday, at 2 o'clock, to re-enforce our army. The regiments were each 1,000 strong, and the men were well with enthusiasm at the idea of going to meet the world-invaders of Pennsylvania. They were accompanied by the 1st Ohio Battery. The following officers were wounded, besides Ricketts and Hartshorn: Col. Bean, 10th Maine; Capt. Furbush, 10th Maine; Lieut.-Col. Fitchford; Col. Dwight, 2d Massachusetts, wounded in the leg and arm. Col. McNeill of the Bucktail Pa. Reserves was killed. I send you a list of the wounded who were brought in yesterday from Middletown and Boonsborough.

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The Union people of this town are in great glee, and the battle of yesterday is looked upon by all as a complete victory.

D. J. K.

The Wounded in Frederick.

From Our Special Correspondent.

FREDERICK CITY, Sept. 17, 1862.

The following is a list of wounded just arrived at the General Hospital, Frederick City, from the battle-field and the hospitals of Middletown and Boonsborough:

Capt. E. Herter, F. 11 Pa.
Lieut. Col. F. G. Goding, 1 P. R. C. W.
M. H. Miller, 1 P. R. C. W.
Capt. Lee, 3 Md.

Lieut. Col. J. Taylor, 69 Pa.
W. C. Smith, 11 Pa.
J. C. McLean, 11 Pa.

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